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on the door. He had come by, said he, to pick up the glass negatives that Phil Heth says he has of two Delaware and Hudson locomotives at Panther's Bluffs (lent to the NEWS by W. E. Taylor). I showed him the coins and metals that Henry J. Loftus donated to the Historical Society at mid-day today; I also showed JVB the mechanicals for the membership certificates and he said he would see Scavo at the High School tomorrow and have some copies printed. I put them in a GS-187 and John took them with him back to the all seasons' sports center where he was working on his new motorcycle. JVB will telephone me tomorrow around 11:30 AM and report on the printing of the membership certificates. The JVB visit lasted about fifteen minutes. In the early evening I went across the street to the library and borrowed "1880" and "Murphy" and put together an article about Mayfield / Richmondale / Vandling. I also used information from "Stoddard." At about 10 P.M., Faythe called. She couldn't sleep and so I had to talk to her for about 40 minutes. Next I did an article on JVB's "find" at the Library on Monday the 20th: the exact date on which the first regularly scheduled passenger train traveled from Carlisle to Honesdale over the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Gravity Railroad was April 5, 1877. John is such an excellent researcher and archaeologist. One of my projects is to teach him how to put into circulation the ^{end} products of his research — how to transform the raw data into communicating wholes. Not an easy process to be sure.

Yesterday (Monday) was an important day (all days are) for local history. A few days ago I suggested to John that we record a biographical portrait of his grandfather, John Peter Buberniak. I suggested at that time that John would do the talking and I would write down what he said — he would be the informant and I would be the scribe. From about 8:30 to 10:30 last night, John talked about his grandfather and I wrote. At first, we were both somewhat unsure of how it would go. After a little bit, however, John relaxed and the words and sentences and memories came pouring out. I was having the time of my life. He was enjoying himself a great deal. What could be more flattering than to have someone write down everything you say on a given topic. At the end of a couple hours, we had about four pages — the size of this one — of information about his grandfather. Every now and then we would stop recording and chat.